

The Making of Lenses.
The essential part of any device for the study of the starry millions—the suns, planets, comets and the nebulae that are perhaps new worlds in the making—is the lens or the optical train that consists of a series of lenses. It is this that makes the modern science of astronomy possible. There is absolutely no other human occupation that requires the accuracy of observation and the delicacy of touch that are requisite for the making of the finest lenses. These are the most perfect products of human hands. It may convey some idea of the labor required in the making of a large lens to say that at least one year's time is required for the grinding and polishing of a thirty inch object glass. A little lens two inches in diameter requires the unremitting care and attention of a skilled workman for two or three days. It is easy, then, to see why it is that even lenses of high class photographic work are costly. A forty inch object glass for a large telescope cannot be made in much less than four years' time, and if everything does not go just right it may require much longer than that.—Kansas City Star.

Persian Jests.
An exceedingly ugly man, says the Persian Joe Miller, was once in the mosque, asking pardon of Allah for his sins and praying to be delivered from the fires of hell. One who overheard his prayers said to him: "Wherefore, O friend, wouldst thou cheat hell of such a countenance? Art thou reluctant to burn up a face like that?"

Another story the Persian jester tells is that a certain person with a hideous nose was once on a time wooing a woman. Describing himself to her and trying to make an attractive picture, he said, "I am a man devoid of lightness and frivolity, and I am patient in bearing afflictions!"

"Aye," said the woman. "Wert thou not patient in bearing afflictions thou hadst never endured thy nose these forty years!"

All of which is more witty than kind.—Harper's.

Bohemians and Wedding Rings.
"Here are two wedding rings that I have just made over," said the jeweler. "They are for Bohemian women. They lost their own rings, so they had their husbands' rings cut down to fit. That is a custom in their country. Both husband and wife wear wedding rings there. If the man loses his ring he has to buy a new one, but if the woman loses hers she wears her husband's. I do a good deal of that kind of work. Other women who lose wedding rings just buy another one and say nothing about it, but these women are too conscientious for that. Usually I have to make the man's ring smaller, but once in a while it has to be spliced to make it fit. The women are always considerably chagrined over the splicing and offer all kinds of explanations to account for their big fingers."—New York Sun.

The Roulette Ball.
That capricious little ball that decides our fortunes at the ever fascinating game of roulette at Monte Carlo occasionally flies from the skillful croupier's hand, though not often. One afternoon it slipped from its manipulator's fingers and found its way into an Englishman's coat pocket. So impressed was the Englishman that he promptly lost a couple of hundred pounds. But the little ball once found a far stranger destination than that. Escaping from the croupier's hand, it flew straight into the mouth of a German onlooker, and he was so impressed that he promptly swallowed it.—London Bystander.

Tea in Paraguay.
When the natives of Paraguay drink tea they do not pour it from a teapot into a cup, but fill a gourd made out of a pumpkin or gourd and then suck up the hot liquid through a long reed. Moreover, the tea which they use is altogether different from that which comes from China, being made out of dried and roasted leaves of a palm-like plant which grows in Paraguay and southern Brazil. The natives say that this tea is an excellent remedy for fever and rheumatism.

Sparrowgrass.
It is stated that a well known riddle was written by a costermonger. The riddle in question is a charade and runs as follows:
My first's a little bird as 'ope;
My second's a useful in 'ay crops;
My 'ole is good with mutton chops.
The answer, of course, is "sparrowgrass," which the learned Dr. Farr always insisted on using in preference to the politer "asparagus."—London Notes and Queries.

A Real Poet.
"Poetry," said the literary girl, "is the art of expressing intense feeling in figurative speech."
"In that case," replied Miss Cayenne, "the man who writes baseball news is sure a poet."—Washington Star.

She Wanted to Know.
Bridegroom—Now that we are married, darling, we must have no more secrets from each other. Bride—Then tell me truly, Jack, how much did you really pay for that engagement ring?—Illustrated Bits.

She Was Numerous.
"I want a license to marry the best girl in the world," said the young man.
"Funny, isn't it?" commented the clerk. "That makes 1,300 licenses for that girl this season."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

I do not know of any way so sure of making others happy as of being so oneself.—Sir Arthur Helps.

In New York City there is great enthusiasm being manifested at St. Philip's Episcopal Church. There has been provided for amusement pool and billiard tables, card rooms, and occasional dances, like many white churches. The plan is meeting with the hearty approval of some and the criticism of others.

The colored Americans of Peoria, Ill., are to be rewarded for standing by the Republican ticket. A colored fire company is promised them.

Upwards of 100 business and professional colored men are recorded in the business directory of Birmingham, Ala. This shows remarkable progress.

Two hundred dollars had to be paid by the Temple Theater of Rochester for violating the Civil Rights law. Mrs. Susan Joyner, a colored lady, was refused admission to occupy a box seat. It was decided that law-abiding citizens ought to be protected by those in authority, and operators of such theaters hereafter shall be punished to the full extent of the law.

A gentleman in Rochester, N. Y., has just contributed \$10,000 in cash to Tuskegee Institute in Alabama.

John E. McGree, who served as Lincoln's personal courier during the civil war times, carrying dispatches between the White House and the front, died last week at his home in New York.

Rumor has it that W. T. Vernon, former Register of the Treasury, will be named to fill the diplomatic post which was formerly held by Henry W. Furness as Minister to Haiti.

Thirty-six new postal savings banks have been established by Postmaster-General Hitchcock to begin operations about June 1.

Joseph Cordat, a gardener, of Lenox, Mass., refused an offer of \$1,000 for three ancient English pennies which he dug up there. Two of

the pennies bear portraits of George III, and are dated 1777, the other a portrait of George II, and dated 1742.

Andrew Carnegie has given \$100,000 more to the original gift of \$750,000 for the construction of the handsome home of the Pan-American Union. Mr. Carnegie is hailed as the "great apostle of peace" and "benefactor of humanity" by President Taft.

A huge boulder bearing a descriptive tablet of bronze will be unveiled to the memory of Abraham Lincoln on the spot where he stood July 12, 47 years after the memorable engagement in which Lincoln played so conspicuous a part.

Fifty members of the Cincinnati Commercial Club, who were President Taft's boyhood friends, have announced their intention to come to this city to help President Taft to celebrate the 25th anniversary of his wedding, June 20.

For some years past I have had in mind to invite here from different parts of the world—from Europe, Africa, the West Indies and North and South America—persons who are actively interested or directly engaged as missionaries, or otherwise, in the work that is going on in Africa and elsewhere for the education and upbuilding of Negro peoples.

For this purpose it has been determined to hold at Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 17, 18 and 19, 1912, a little more than a year from this time, an international conference on the Negro. Such a conference as this will offer the opportunity for those engaged in any kind of service in Af-

rica, or the countries above mentioned, to become more intimately acquainted with the work and the problems of Africa and these other countries. Such a meeting will be valuable and helpful, also, in so far as it will give opportunity for a general interchange of ideas in organizing and systematizing the work of education of the native peoples in Africa and elsewhere, and the preparation of teachers for that work. Wider knowledge of the work that each is doing should open means of co-operation that do not now exist.

The object of calling this conference at Tuskegee Institute is to afford an opportunity for studying the methods employed in helping the Negro people of the United States, with a view of deciding to what extent Tuskegee and Hampton methods may be applied to conditions in these countries, as well as to conditions in Africa.

It is hoped that numbers of people representing the different governments interested in Africa and the West Indies, as well as representatives from the United States and the countries of South America, will decide to attend this conference. Especially is it urged that missionary and other workers in these various countries be present and take an active part in the deliberations of the conference.

It is desirable, in any case, to have any suggestions as to what might be done to make the work of the conference more helpful to all concerned. The names of persons who would like to be present, with whom you are acquainted, will be appreciated, and through you they are invited to be present and take part in the deliberations of the conference.

Those who come to Tuskegee properly accredited will be welcomed and entertained as guests of the institution, and will be under no expense during their stay here.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, Principal, Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON THE NEGRO.
Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 17, 18 and 19, 1912.

WORTH ADVERTISING FOR
There are 5,499 Negroes employed here in Washington by the Government alone, and these 5,499 Negroes draw salaries aggregating \$3,044,404. These more than three millions of dollars are spent right here in Washington, but scattered among the hundreds of tradesmen. Is this amount of money worth bidding for? It certainly is, and not even the largest stores in this city would refuse to get the big end of it did they but realize how much money the Negroes are really spending.

Now The Bee is the only Negro publication in this city. It stands without a rival or competitor, and covers the field like a few of the merchants in this city will patronize the advertising columns of The Bee, presenting the attractive bargains they may have, these Negroes—these 5,499 Negroes who draw annually from the Government over three millions of dollars—will assume that by getting a publication called and operated by one of their race that such firms desire and deserve their patronage. And such firms will receive the bulk of these over three millions of dollars received and spent by the Negroes of Washington.

What clothing stores, what furniture stores, what dry goods stores and what other lines of business will now make an effort to direct to themselves these over three millions of dollars spent by Washington Negroes by advertising in The Bee?

Place your advertising in The Bee and watch these 5,499 appreciative Negroes spend their over three millions of dollars with you.

Now is the time to advertise in The Bee, the newspaper that goes into every Negro home in Washington. Remember, merchants of Washington, it's what advertising pays you, not what it costs.

MORE MONEY—RACE PROGRESS.
If colored people groom themselves daintily, destroy perspiration odors, remove grease shine from the face, and use our new discoveries for improving the skin and dressing the hair, they will be better received in the business world, make more money, and advance faster.

The Chemical Wonder Company of New York is the best business friend colored people have. It improves their bodies as Dr. Booker Washington improves their minds. That Company manufactures nine Chemical Wonders, which will make colored people as attractive as individual peculiarities will permit. Colored men in New York who use these Wonders hold better situations in banks, clubs and business houses, and women have better positions, marry better, get along better.

(1.) Complexion WonderCream will light up any colored face (black or brown) every time it is used. To prove this on one trial, we send demonstration sample for 10 cents. Regular jar, 50 cents postpaid.

(2.) Magneto-Metallic Comb, called Wonder Comb. Can be heated before using, to help straighten and dress the hair. Costs 50 cents, and will last a lifetime.

(3.) Wonder Uncurl. When this pomade dressing is in the hair the kinks can be uncurled and the hair becomes flexible. When heated into the scalp and through the hair with a Wonder Comb, any stiff, knotty hair will dress well. 50 cents postpaid.

(4.) Wonder Hair Grow fertilizes the scalp and makes hair grow long, just as fertilizers in the soil make cornstalks grow. 50 cents postpaid.

(5.) Odor Wonder Powder instantly destroys perspiration odor. People who neglect such chemical cleansing are obnoxious. 50 cents postpaid.

(6.) Odor Wonder Liquid. This fine toilet water surrounds the body with delicate perfume. When used with used with Odor Wonder Powder the conditions of the body become perfect. If you can spare 50 cents extra, order this luxury. 50 cents postpaid.

(7.) Wonder Foot Powder keeps the feet dainty. 50 cents, postpaid.

(8.) Wonder Wash. A shampoo to clean from dandruff and insure the health of the hair and scalp. 50 cents postpaid.

(9.) Shell Pink Creme will give light brown girls beautiful pink cheeks without made-up appearance. 50 cents postpaid.

We guarantee all these Wonders as represented. We give advice free about hair, skin and scalp. Will send book an attractiveness free.

We will prove we are true business friends of colored people.

We require one agent for every locality and guarantee you against loss. Only \$2 capital required.

Always write to M. B. Berger & Co., 2 Rector Street, New York. We market all the Chemical Wonder Company preparations.

THE RIVER QUEEN.
The River Queen is a safe as well as clean boat. It is the boat for the people. Up-to-date service will be given to all patrons of this boat. Every wharf where the boat lands is safe, and the parks are well lighted and the people well protected from the weather. Select your date now. Office at wharf.

The Analysis.
"Did you have the soil of your back yard analyzed by the agricultural department?"

"Yes. They said it consisted largely of glass, tin and putty, with traces of builder's lime, and suggested that it might do to raise a mortgage on."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Great Achievement.
"And what do you regard as the greatest triumph of modern surgery?"

"Collecting the bills," promptly responded the great practitioner.—London Spare Moments.

Especially in the Subways.
"There ain't but one trouble with this here city air," said Uncle Rufe, sniffing the atmosphere speculatively; "it do need ventila-tin'."—Holland's Magazine.

His Reason.
"Why do you always leave the house, James, when I begin to sing the old songs?" pouted Mrs. Howitt.

"Fresh air," said Howitt.—Harper's Weekly.

He who has the truth in his heart need never fear the want of persuasion on his tongue.—Ruskin.

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A Remodeled Text.
"Perhaps you could preach us a sermon about the condition of things in our town," says the resident pastor to the visiting one. "Saloons, gambling houses and the like run wide open all the time, and the officers pay no attention to them."
"Yes," agrees the visitor; "I might take as my text, 'There's no arrest for the wicked.'"—Judge.

Grace Before Meat.
The Zulu admires a woman according to her weight. The Zulu can respect a 200 pound woman, but it is only a 800 or 400 pound one that he can really love. We enlightened persons, on the other hand, have been taught to like grace before meat.—Exchange.

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"He didn't win the prize in the life race, did he?"
"No, but he hollered like he had it, and some people died envious of him."—Atlanta Constitution.

Armed For Peace.
Wife—Will your disarmament meeting finish late? Husband—Yes, about midnight, I expect. But don't be nervous. I shall have my revolver.—Bon Vivant.

Happiness in Sleep.
I saw once how like sleep was to life in the deep waters. A man who to my waking eyes looked cold and starved and ragged sat upon one of the benches on the embankment. He was sleeping, and I knew from his face that then at least he did not count himself miserable. But presently a policeman came and shook the sleeper into waking life. Then all the violence of the world seemed to be let loose upon this wreck of a man. He shook and blinked his eyes and breathed with heavy spasms. It was just as when a fish is caught out of the depths of the sea and suddenly cast into a basket. I have seen mackerel shake and gasp like this poor man suddenly caught up out of the native depths of sleep. Or if you think that a fish thus dying is only an amusing and not a painful sight then think of what it might be if some giant of fable could catch us up out of our native air into the space between the stars. Would we not willingly sink back again into the depth of ah? So it is when the loud world lets us glide down into sleep.—London Outlook.

His Name in the Directory.
"One funny thing I have learned about human nature," said the drug store cashier, "is the habit many people have of marking their own names in the city directory. They do that because the directory is the only place where their names ever get into print, and it has such a fascination for them that they can't resist calling attention to it. A funny old man who likes to talk tells me that he has made special trips to different parts of the city just to mark his name in the directories of the neighborhood. He puts a little cross in red ink before it. I asked him what good it did. He said none possibly, although he is a teacher of languages and may get a few calls on account of that queer advertisement. But his is an exceptional case. Not many persons spend time and money hunting city directories, but every time they happen to see a new one they can't help looking up their names and putting some kind of a mark around them."—New York Sun.

Mansfield's Coaching.
"Richard Mansfield," said an actress who played in his company, "was a great teacher, but terribly relentless. I shall never forget a time when I was playing with him in 'The First Violin.' I could not, strive frantically as I would, do the thing he wanted. He was gentle at first, and then, persisting in my failure, he began to lash and whip and sting me with his words until I thought I should have to run away. In agony of impotent desperation I cried out:
"I cannot! Oh, I cannot!"

"Mr. Mansfield threw up his hands in a gesture of relief, and a smile played about his lips.

"Why," he said sweetly, "you're doing the very thing right now. No one on earth could do it better." And then I knew what he meant, and those lines were a triumph to me all that season."—Detroit Free Press.

Walking.
The Almighty has not freighted the foot with a single superfluous part. Every inch of every foot is meant for use. When a man walks in the right way, speaking literally, the back of the heel strikes the ground first. Then the rest of the heel comes down, after which the outer edge of the foot takes the bulk of the burden until the forward movement shifts the weight to the ball of the foot and finally to the toes. The ideal step is a slightly rocking motion. At no time should the entire foot be pressed against the ground. Heel to toe is the movement. Try it and see how much farther and more easily you can walk. It's the Indian's way, and what poor Lo doesn't know about footwork can go into the discard.—New York Press.

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A really great man is known by three signs—generosity in the design, humanity in the execution and moderation in success.—Bismarck.

Water Under Deserts.
Some of the most curious phenomena of the world are the underground water supplies beneath deserts. In the Rajputana deserts water is held in vast quantities in sandstone beds under the scorched surface and is drawn up from wells sunk into the strata. Bikaner raises its walls in the midst of a weary, almost rainless waste of sand and depends on these hidden cisterns for its very existence. Whenever it comes, where is the outfall and what quantity runs under the baked sand remain a mystery. In one well at Bikaner it has been ascertained that the water supply is equal to 20,000 gallons an hour, which is held to point to the conclusion that there is an enormous subterranean flow and that the snow fed rivers of the Himalayas must be the source. People in Bikaner say that pieces of wood dropped into one well have come up in another. The idea of an underground river opens up a wide range of possibilities to the imagination.—Times of India.

Dashing Into Danger.
"When I was younger," a big Broadway traffic cop remarked, "I used to cuss at everybody who insisted on dashing across the street in front of a car or truck. I cuss the act still, but not the person. Fact is, I've learned that a majority of people just can't help it. An approaching vehicle about to cross their path is like a red rag to a bull. It's a sort of challenge, a dare. And the impulse to defeat its purpose can't be controlled. There isn't any plan of action. It's a case of dash first and think afterward, and sometimes, of course, the thinking is done in a hospital."

"It's a sort of disease of the nerves, I guess, because the head of a business house will do this foolish thing just as quick as his errand boy will. But the cop and the driver are to blame whenever there's a miscalculation."—New York Globe.

Fenced In.
Near Harvard square, in Cambridge